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PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

—Mr. Dolley, in his look about Dickens, refers to Keaton as the "Hut of Utopia."

—Mrs. Jennie S. Bailey was born in 1847, was one of seven sisters, was married in 1867, moved to Kansas in 1877, died March 17, aged thirty-seven, and was buried in Lot 127—N. E. cor. 5th and Commercial, at Hannibal, Mo.

—The poet, Thomas J. Craplet, dreamed that he would be killed by a load of coal being dumped on him from a coal car. Wednesday he was killed in that very way. *—Chicago Inter Ocean.*

—It runs in the family. Miss Susie Hale, who has written a very readable history of Thomas J. Craplet, turns out to be a sister of Edw. Everett Hale, with literary proclivities, and she also paints pictures. *—Boston Journal.*

—The pallid, careworn appearance of the American editor just now indicates how tremendous is the strain which is put upon his intellect by necessity he is under of directing Gladstone how to run the British. *—The Freeman.*

—Mrs. Grobe, the wife of the historian, was a high-spirited, hoydenish kind of a girl, rode without a saddle, and sailed a boat. Sidney Smith once called her a pig; "I don't like them much for they are so dirty," he said to a perfect gentleman. *—*

—Warren Green, of Kentucky, now United States Consul-General at Kanagawa, Japan, is a son of the historian, Thomas J. Craplet, of the American Telegraph Company. He is about forty years of age, and is President of the Louisville Board of Trade.

—Madame Patti is infatuated with the American edited just now in several times during the recent tour, and was one of the most enthusiastic admirers of the playing. Patti plays a strong game. It would take her far above the average amateur to defeat her. *—The Freeman.*

—A Washington correspondent says, Mr. George Bancroft, the historian, is a funny way of making mock sorrow and saying to people of fifty and sixty years of age, "I am your child. I'm old as the hills. I'm the oldest person you ever knew." The next minute may be speaking in the most serious and unconscious manner of "poor Mr. Corcoran," who is just his own age.

—The genealogy of the Hopkinton family, of Massachusetts, has been completely ascertained; and its tails are now under the laborious search of Thomas J. Craplet, who is preparing a new and fuller record. The names of the eight children of the pastor, Timothy Hopkins, born in 1745, have long been preserved in memory by the following list:

—Elihu, Amos, Dorcas and Tim; Sarah, Mary, Jeremiah and Jem. *—Boston Herald.*

—Mrs. Custer's little book is full of vivid and realistic anecdotes which the keen spirit of fun which possesses the young wife and her hero in the days of happiness and hardships. It is a simple and an amusing story, and one that the other was successful or serving of praise. At one time the general returns home and says to his precatative wife: "Let me get a book to have reading and which I have marked out for you. At the moment Mrs. Custer produced a novel which had been the companion of a lonely hours. Lo! the two books were identical, and the two congenial readers, seated almost without occasion on the same passages. *—Chicago Tribune.*

HUMOROUS.

—Some Vassar girls have been photographing the moon. It's funny how girl longs to possess a man's picture and how she may not know him. *—Boston Post.*

—"Do you know why a barber shaves a tonorial artist?" "Let me see." "As Shakespeare says: 'Cut your dull brains no longer. It's a capital good at making cuts.'"

—Y. *—Yale.*

—"What is the difference between an idiot and a pretty girl at Harvard, with a acuity, having just read *Lampoon*?" "The one is humorous and the other is simply inhuman." *—Boston Herald.*

—Brown—And he actually gave you the lie, did he? And of course you knocked him down in his tracks? Gold—"Oh, dear, no, he meant to knock me down, I doubt. For follow, if it had been to give." *—Boston Transcript.*

—"Miracles in Turkey" is the creation under which a foreign correspondent writes. Crimmonbeck says that he got a miracle in Turkey, that while he was on his way to the coast, he saw his boarding-house mistress made nine-pound bird last twelve boards seven days. *—Yonkers Statesman.*

—Doe—"You say your wife is in a feverish mood. What are the symptoms?" "I don't know," says the doctor. "The truth, doctor, I didn't think it was safe to meddle with that. I'd want to ask her to put her tongue out for you know, for the very last time we saw her." *—Boston Post.*

—Enfant Terrible—"Pa, is sister S. pointed like the doll you gave me Christmas?" Father—"Certainly not. Claptrap Maria. Why do you ask?" "Because she looks just like the doll in the musical, when she got in the middle of the crowd. Mr. Dibbles asked if I could take her apart for a few minutes." *—The City Herald.*

—"When was Rome built?" asked a high school boy of the first of the ancient history. "In the first," answered a bright little girl. "In the first?" exclaimed the astonished teacher. "How do you make that out?" "Why, I thought they probably knew it in Rome, since it built in Rome," replied the child. *—Chicago Tribune.*

A Jefferson young man kissed his dulcinea about twenty times, the other night, on a stretch, and when he stopped for breath and dust the girl called to him to kiss her. "I don't think her eyes as she said, in a sad tone of voice: "Ah! I fear you have ceased to love me." Moral—Married men at once. *—Jackson County (Ga.) Herald.*

—Bridget-Gl you have a shurrupre shure for ye, yes Patrick. Bridget—Ha! shurrupre, an' what is it?" Bridget—The patient shure, damper, me darlin'. The agin told me it wud save wan-hill me. Patrick—It wan-hill the expin'. Patrick—Faith, and did yez buy shure wan av any? Bridget—That's a shurrupre—Shure an' ye are not shurrupre. Patrick—Ye are not shurrupre, but when, an' wud save the whole shurrupre. *—Drake's Magazine.*

A Possible Danger.

He looked like a dule and apparently not enough strength to hurt a fly, but he got into a dispute with a young man, the magnate became abusive, and the angry patron of the company suddenly shot out his right hand and landed the magnate on the back.

Too much amazed to get angry, the other picked himself up and humbly.

"How under the cunny did you get such strength in ye arms?"

"Hanging for twenty years to yestereast straps," was the chilling reply.

So began for the moral. *—Phonograph.*

MEXICAN SENORITAS
Fascinatingly of Dress and Personal

The pretty girls are exquisite, slender oval of the face, the richness of the cheek, the long, sweeping, lashes of the eyes glowing at once passion and tenderness; the low head, with its rippling mass of dark hair; the slender neck, the lithe of the springy step and dainty foot make them like a poet's dream of dainty brilliant loveliness, not to be compared with the sturdy girls we usually before be familiar. But nature never over-lavish, and the number of these splendid creatures is as few as their perfections are many. Remembering the streets at home where the Friday afternoon rehearsal, filled the fragile, flower-like bloom of some, but delicate girlhood, its beauty eyes looking the world full in the face, with that mixture of timidity and boldness which is the hybrid bloom of modern civilization, these shy rich specimens, as rare as they are wonderful, look few indeed.

Perfect in every thing, we usually find that art almost universal in the street, but which unfortunately is beginning to give way to the stiffness of the French habit and bonnet gives to many a plain but sensible being, that mixture of timidity and brings back from a walk only a pious and pleasing impression. If the man women knew what they were to they would cling to this becoming habit, that mixture of timidity and the sex has no right to set aside a charming accessory.—*Cor. Boston Journal.*

Cures For Insomnia.

Like dyspepsia, insomnia is becoming to regard as a peculiarly American malady. The exorbitant luxury the American people renders them more susceptible to nervous disorders than those of a more phlegmatic temperament. To many persons who suffer from sleeplessness the following hints as to the most efficient means of inducing natural sleep may not be amiss.

If the sleeplessness be occasioned by undue nervous excitement the application of mustard-plasters to the temples will afford relief. Where the remedy fails the freshly made solution of chloroform in alcohol, in which they may be used with good result. When brain exhaustion is responsible for the inability to sleep, the administration of a tumblerful of hot claret with a mixture of opium is strongly recommended. When acid indigestion is present the alkalies and alkaline salts are useful. The irritant properties of the air which hinder sleep may be removed by counteracting it by sprinkling the floor with water. When sleep is broken by severe cold nothing is more useful than opium and morphia. These latter remedies should never be taken, however, without the aid of a skilled physician. The injection of morphia, however, is preferred to taking the drug internally when the wakefulness is due to neuralgia.—*N. Y. Mail and Express.*

The Bull Not Taken by the Horn.

It is no credit to a cowboy to catch a bull by the horns, for he can no longer be thrown by them and is simply held a prisoner, but the skill in throwing a lasso is to pitch the noose in front of an animal when he is going at full gallop so that the next step he treads into the cowboy trit it on a bull with both of our ponies were jumping at a dead run. The old fellow was galloping at a tremendous rate, and the loop shot through the air at a tangent and fell, wide open, just in front of him on the ground. The left fore-plunged square into the circle, and the left hind leg, which was counter-jerk and the steer rolled over in dust, as cleverly caught as anything ever saw. The broncho, too, understood his part of the business thoroughly, and at the right moment he turned the opposite direction, else he would have been thrown instead of the horse to which he was much inferior in weight.—*Fort Knapp Co. Cleveland, Leader.*

Very Useful.

Landlord—"I don't think this he will suit you, Madame. The price would also be very high on account of some extra additions which could possibly be of any use to you."

Lady (wishing to purchase house—"I don't know about that. What the additions?"

Landlord—"Well, the house originally built for a machinist, had a twenty-ton steam hammer up in the cellar. Now that would be of any use to you."

Lady—"That would certainly be decided advantage to me, for which would cost a considerable high price."

Landlord—"How could you use a large hammer as that? A hammer that is only necessary to listen the heaviest kind of work."

Lady—"I keep a boarding house would use it to soften up the steak!"—*Philadelphia Call.*

—The executor of the will of T. Eliza F. Fuddy has paid over her request to Susan B. Anthony and her friends, the amount being forty-three thousand dollars and thirty dollars. It was Mrs. Eddy's request that this money shall be used in the promotion of the woman suffrage cause.—*Boston Journal.*

THE GENERAL MARKETS

KANSAS CITY, June 2.

CATTLE—Shipping steers... \$4.60 to \$5.00
Butcher steers... 4.00 to 4.50
HOGS—Good to extra heavy... 3.75 to 4.00
Light... 3.25 to 3.50
WHEAT—No. 2 red... 75 to 78
No. 2 soft... 74 to 75
CORN—No. 2... 48 to 49
OATS—No. 2... 25 to 26
FLAX—January per bushel... 2.00 to 2.10
HAY—Large bundle... 12.00 to 13.00
CHICKENS—Fryers... 10 to 12
DRESSED BIRDS... 10 to 12
PORK—Ham... 8 to 9
Shoulders... 7 to 8
LARD... 11 to 12
Bacon... 10 to 11
POULTRY—Meadow chickens... 75 to 80

ST. LOUIS, June 2.

CATTLE—Shipping steers... 4.60 to 5.00
Butcher steers... 4.00 to 4.50
HOGS—Prime to choice... 3.75 to 4.00
SHEEP—Fair to choice... 3.25 to 3.50
WHEAT—No. 2... 75 to 78
CORN—No. 2... 48 to 49
OATS—No. 2... 25 to 26
FLAX—January per bushel... 2.00 to 2.10
HAY—Large bundle... 12.00 to 13.00
CHICKENS—Fryers... 10 to 12
DRESSED BIRDS... 10 to 12
PORK—Ham... 8 to 9
Shoulders... 7 to 8
LARD... 11 to 12
Bacon... 10 to 11
POULTRY—Meadow chickens... 75 to 80

CHICAGO, June 2.

CATTLE—Good to choice... 4.00 to 4.50
HOGS—Prime to choice... 3.75 to 4.00
SHEEP—Fair to choice... 3.25 to 3.50
WHEAT—No. 2... 75 to 78
CORN—No. 2... 48 to 49
OATS—No. 2... 25 to 26
FLAX—January per bushel... 2.00 to 2.10
HAY—Large bundle... 12.00 to 13.00
CHICKENS—Fryers... 10 to 12
DRESSED BIRDS... 10 to 12
PORK—Ham... 8 to 9
Shoulders... 7 to 8
LARD... 11 to 12
Bacon... 10 to 11
POULTRY—Meadow chickens... 75 to 80

NEW YORK, June 2.

CATTLE—Exports... \$3.00 to \$3.50
SHEEP—Fairs to prime... 2.00 to 2.50
HOGS—Good to choice... 3.00 to 3.50
WHEAT—No. 2... 75 to 78
CORN—No. 2... 48 to 49
OATS—No. 2... 25 to 26
FLAX—January per bushel... 2.00 to 2.10
HAY—Large bundle... 12.00 to 13.00
CHICKENS—Fryers... 10 to 12
DRESSED BIRDS... 10 to 12
PORK—Ham... 8 to 9
Shoulders... 7 to 8
LARD... 11 to 12
Bacon... 10 to 11
POULTRY—Meadow chickens... 75 to 80

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